

Paducah's Furniture Factory Sale!!!



\$1.15 SOLID OAK Leather Seat Rocker as shown in above cut. Our store is full of equal values.

It Is a Fact:

The Paducah Furniture Mfg Co. ARE SELLING FURNITURE at prices less than the "Other Fellow" buys for. We have the largest, best selected stock in the city of Paducah; it is MADE in Paducah and with Paducah labor and for Paducah people.

"Paducah Made Furniture"

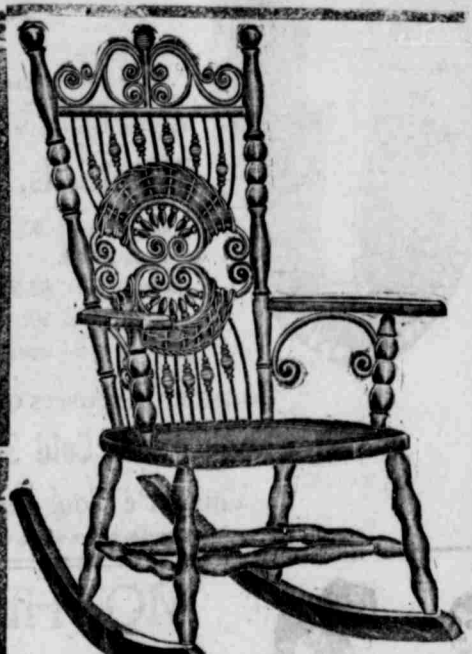
Is good enough for me. A remark often heard.

OUR MOTTO.

"Nothing in Furniture too good for Paducah." See us before buying.



DINING CHAIRS LIKE CUT SOLID OAK 50c EACH.



\$1.00 This Beautiful Rocker to close out ONE DOLLAR.

We Live up to Our Advertisements.

Oldest Furniture Store in the City. Established 1870.

THE OLD RELIABLE Paducah Furniture Manufacturing Company,

(INCORPORATED.)

Factory Third and Tennessee Streets.

Salesrooms 114-116 South Third Street.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Something Old, Something New, Chiefly Borrowed, and For You.

I once asked my dainty, plainly dressed maid, why working-girls wore such unfitted clothes on the street. "Well, you see, ma'am," she said, half in pity, half in defense, "the poor things have no other place to wear them." Do you suppose that is why so many of their mistresses habitually do the same?—Helen Watterston Moody, in The Ladies' Home Journal for June.

An odd dinner table decoration was shown recently in London, where there were about sixteen guests, and, of course, a large board. The center was set out on an old-fashioned orchard, with small apple and pear trees growing out of soft green turf. Little gravel paths were neatly carved out and small bridges thrown over miniature streams, the whole looking most effective on the snowy table cloth under a soft, restful, lighting effect.

The tubbing possibilities of silk madras is said to be excellent. It not only washes with all the good humor of a cup towel, but it actually grows more beautiful for its aquatic experiences. A sweet little frock, in a clear shade of what is called pottery yellow, is made up with bands of Persian cotton embroidery and the waist buttons in the back, as many wash waists do this season.

It is asserted that the coming will undoubtedly be a white summer. All the white fabrics, from India mull to serge, will be popular. Wide, soft, satins will be decorative part of summer costumes. White mohair in suit finish will be a favored material for costumes. Flowered muslins will be made up over white for a fresh, dainty effect.

Hats trimmed with the tiny Dresden roses will be a very charming accompaniment. When the summer's sun is bright and strong enough for garden parties we will see adorable frocks of very thin pastel colored crepe de chine and batiste tucked in sunburst effects. The center of every sunburst will be a flower of lace applied flat.

Have you ever asked a young woman who she dresses to please? says an exchange, she will invariably answer herself, but the statement is mendacious in every instance, save in those of the dress-reformer—and that means the

woman without hope! In the palmy days of Greece three philosophers sat against the sunny side of the temple, scratching themselves and discussing the infinite and the branches thereof. "A woman," said one, "dresses to please the men."

"A woman," said the other, assertively, "dresses to worry the other woman."

The discussion waxed acrimonious until both appealed to the third, who belonged to the school of the trimmers. "A woman," said he, "dresses to please the men, and thereby worry the other women."

A very pretty idea that originated with a defunct Lady Airle, and which has been revived by Lady Warwick, is the planting of a Garden of Friendship, she invites every friend to plant a tree or root, which is duly registered as to location and description, so that there may be no mistake in accreting it later. This can be adopted by anyone who may boast spacious grounds. The Dowager Lady Airle was explaining to her friends the meaning of the Garden of Friendship twenty-five years ago, when one of them said: "If all your friends planted a tree each it would no longer be a garden, but a forest." A very pretty compliment, surely, and one which would be applicable to many of our lovely townswomen. All the same, the gift of a plant or palm tree would ever be a sentimental bond between really loving friends.

The following should refute a too popular theory: "The minister's wife had the floor. There is a general belief," she said, "that ministers' families live the life of roseate decadence. Salaries are not large, as a rule, but the perquisites supposed to flow upward are the envy of congregations and the laity at large. Every one will tell you that the rail roads give us passes or half rates and that hotels invite us to make long stops at merely nominal cost." She sighed heavily. "In fact, ministers pay exactly the mileage on railroads that other people do, missionaries alone enjoying a reduction of rates. No difference is made at hotels, and if there are any perquisites save those given for marrying folk, I have yet to find out what they are—and I've been a poor minister's wife nearly a score of years. Yet a member of the guild told me the other day that I ought to thank my stars that I had been born lucky instead of rich."

There is too great a lack in the practical education of our girls. Such a practical phase of a woman's life as the realization and meeting of honest obligations never enters into a girl's studies at school, colleges, or in the vast majority of cases, even at home. We go on and let our girls study useless ologies and isms, and accumulate

a vast amount of undigested and unintelligible information when never even for a single moment, will be of the slightest use to them in their lives. But of the practical things, yes, the fundamental principles which govern their lives, they are taught nothing. There is where we are floundering in this country, despite our boasts of progress in matters educational. The things we ought to know we know not, and the things which avail little are often our choicest boasts—Edward Bok, in The Ladies' Home Journal for June.

A SHATTERED IDEAL.

AT SIXTEEN. "Oh, the man whom I wed must be handsome and tall." Said a maiden just out of her frocks: "I can't love a man who in statue is small. And I won't marry houses and stocks. Of course, he must keep me as papa does now; Still I'll start on an income quite small. But I never will marry"—and mark well her vow—"A man who is not six feet tall."

AT TWENTY-THREE.

"I think that tall men are so nice," said this girl. "But, of course, I'll not marry for looks; Big, broad-shouldered fellows, with hair that will curl, The kind you read of in books. I love to see men who walk erect, Their chests expanded with pride; And deep in my heart I hope and expect To be such a man's darling bride."

AT TWENTY-EIGHT.

She was nervous, of course, as she walked up the aisle. And she looked as she wished it were over; But she held by the arm, with a conquering smile. A man who was scarce five feet four—Detroit Free Press.

LET US BELIEVE.

Let us believe That there is hope for all the hearts that grieve; That somewhere night Drifts to a morning beautiful with light. And that the wrong— Though now it triumphs, yields no scepter long. But right will reign. Throned where the waves of Error beat in vain!—FRANK L. STANTON.

FOR JUNE BRIDES.

To the lot of June brides fall the exquisite lace, chiffon and net gowns that are among the latest novelties. Liberty silk, crepe de chine and louisine are also pressed into service, and there are some qualities of the last named soft silk that make up most

charmingly in the rather simple outline that are fashionable for wedding gowns this season. The princess is the favorite form, but very much softened and improved by the folds of the material being draped across the upper part of the waist and also the upper part of the skirt, where they are caught with a long spray of orange blossoms and a chiffon rosette. When the gown is made with a regular waist this is made invariably with a long pointed effect in front, but always soft folds are draped in surplus fashion, or caught up at one side with sprays of the orange blossoms. A rather classical wedding gown of white crepe de chine made in princess style has a band of seed pearls in a Grecian pattern around the train and up the side. There is a tucked yoke and undersleeves of chiffon, and the yoke is out lined with the same pattern of pearl embroidery. This is decidedly new and most charming and becoming design.

Lilies-of-the-valley form a most appropriate decoration for the bride's gown when orange blossoms are not attainable. They mingle with admirable effect with lace, tulle and the softer silk, such as pons de sole, louisine and the liberty weaves. They form the border of the panels of a princess gown and are set so closely together that the effect at a distance is that of a fine ruche. A bunch of the same blossoms is used to secure the veil upon the collar, and again they form a garniture upon the broad tulle sashes that depend from the corsage. The underskirt of this costume, and which will be seen under the paneled princess overdress, is of closely pleated tulle, which material again is used to drape the corsage, and for chemise and undersleeves. The upper and lower portions of sleeve are lace trimmed.—Commercial Appeal.

"Yes, sir, I did my best to train my daughter up as an accomplished parliamentarian. I took her to meetings to give her a chance to listen to the rulings of able chairmen, and I had her learn the text books on the subject by heart. I thought I had her perfect in the business but I was mistaken. She attended a convention not long ago and pretty soon she had a chance to appeal from a decidedly unjust ruling of the chair, and how do you suppose she did it?" "Well," "She was excited, you know, and this is what she said: 'You are a mean old fright and I just hate you! So there!' And then she burst into tears and sat down. No, sir, woman's nature will have to change before she will ever become a parliamentarian."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Unless there is some imperative reason for a contrary policy, it is always wise to let other people's business alone."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

"Put in your thumb and pull out a plum, and say: What a smart child am I."

CHILD OF THE NEW CENTURY.

O little child, whose tender feet Upon the century's threshold stand, What go you undismayed to meet? What will the years pour in your hand?

We know that science plumes her wings For wider and more wondrous flight. That wealth on high her signal flags, And art, responsive, leaps to light.

We know that men will wiser grow, But will the tender heart keep pace? Will men love and pity know For each downtrodden, helpless race?

Will the dumb creatures God has made Who brighten earth and share our toil, To you for help come untrayed, Nor from your cruelty recoil?

The answers to my questions lie, O little child, within your heart; They will become earth's battle cry Before the century shall depart.—NINETTE M. LOWATER, in Christian Work.

NEVER MIND.

When I utter stub my toe In the rocky road, Mother, she could soothe my woe; She's the one that knows how to banish my dismay With a word so kind. It stopped hurtin' when she'd say: "Sonny, never mind."

Arnicky, an' lint an' things Couldn't stop the pain, But her gentle voice that rings Often an' again In my dreamin', had a charm Strong, tho' undefined. Jes' them words 'ud help the harm—"Sonny, never mind."

If she only could be near When I stumble now, Maybe I could persevere With a placid brow— If she jes' could pat my head, As when she would bind Every boyish hurt, an' haide: "Sonny, never mind."

—Washington Star.

SMALL BOY AND QUO VADIS. The small boy who sells the "Quo

Vadis" books in front of the New E. theatre was exercising his lungs to the extreme limit when a diminutive newsboy approached him.

"Koo Vadih!" on'y 10 cents! Singingwise's great book, only 10 cents!" yelled the dealer in literature.

"What's de name—me hearin' ain't good?" inquired the boy with the bundle of papers.

"Koo Vadih!" on'y 10 cents! G'wan! youse ain't got no answer comin' to youse!" replied the bookseller contemptuously.

"Hah!" said the boy with the papers, "I'll bet youse a nicker youse don't know what's de meanin' of that 'Koo Vadih' youse is truin' on 'our chest about!"

"Youse is on fer a nicker!" answered the bookseller.

"Den what's de answer?" "Is youse t'ristin' fer knowledge?" inquired the bookseller.

"I got a t'rist on me t'ree feet long an' I'll take a nicker's worth," said the boy with the papers.

"An' youse wants to know de meanin' of 'Koo Vadih'?" "Dat's de game."

"Well," answered the bookseller, "a Dago book an' a Dago 'Koo Vadih' youse got!"—New York Journal.

PRECOCIOUS YOUTH.

It was on a steam railway going from Washington to Philadelphia that I overheard the following conversation between a little boy, just at the interesting age, anxious to know, and his aunt, whose patience was severely tested by the questions of little Willie. The first to attract his attention was a buzzard flying high in the air.

"Oh, auntie," he exclaimed, "look at that chicken way up there."

"That's no chicken, Willie, that's a buzzard."

"But, auntie, I don't hear him buzz." "Auntie, look at that man pumping the cow; is she punctured?"

"He is milking the cow, Willie. Do be still for awhile."

After awhile, he spied several pumpkins in a field, and asked: "Auntie, is a pumpkin a grown-up orange?" Auntie kept quiet in hopes of bringing him to a stop.

Next to meet his gaze was a man walking through the car. "Auntie, is that man drunk?"

Hush, Willie; it is the motion of the car that makes him walk so crooked."

"But, auntie, papa walks that way on the street when he leaves the club."

"Will you be quiet for a while, if you please?"

"Auntie, look at the moon. Where did all the stars come from?"

"I don't know, Willie. Don't ask so many questions."

"Did the moon lay 'em, auntie?" And as darkness drew on little Willie began to nod, and auntie gave a sigh of relief.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

JUST SO.

It is one of the prime secrets of happiness to recognize and accept one's natural limitations, but philosophy of this kind is perhaps hardly to be expected of children.

A little girl had sent back her plate for turkey two or three times, and had been helped bountifully to all the good things that go to make up a grand Christmas dinner. Finally she was observed looking rather disconsolately at her unfinished plate of trifle.

"What's the matter, Ethel?" asked Uncle John. "You look mournful."

"That's just the matter," said Ethel. "I am mor'n' full."

And then she wondered why everybody laughed.—From Story Stories.

LED ALL THE REST.

"Now," said the public school teacher, "name the presidents in this order."

"Adams, Washington," began the bright little girl.

"Wrong, Washington was first."

"Oh, no; Mr. Adams must have been first, 'cause my Sunday school teacher told me he was the first man."—Philadelphia Press.

SONG OF THE OPEN TROLLEY.

When drenching torrents fall to earth Or chilling breezes gambol, 'Tis then I leave my dismal shed And o'er the city amble. The rain it soaks my bouncing floor With many a flowing puddle, While flapping curtains shape their drips.

Where happy people huddle, My seats are soaked at either end; I'm full of mud—O, golly, You can not guess what fun it is To be an open trolley.

Where sunny skies enunciate the town, I'd rather keep my stable, But let it rain, I hustle out As fast as I am able. The cooler blows the sudden gale, The happier it makes me And I can offer lively times To every one who takes me.

Zip—Clang! my cheerful crossing song Sends forth its joyous pealings And, dripping wet, I scamper on—O, darn the public's feelings.

I love to dump an angry man Where mud is thickest lying. To hear in part his words profane And then go past him flying. It also makes me glad to see The patient people standing, While dripping fast on every hat, A waterfall is hanging.

I wonder why they take me off In freezing winter weather; We're the boss, I'd do away With shut cars altogether.—Arthur H. Folwell in Brooklyn Eagle.

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FIRST BLOOD

osby's Attorney Makes a Motion in County Court.

TULLY SUSTAINS IT

Greer is Ordered to Give Bond in Ten Days of the Ruling—Other Motion Overruled.

TITLEMENT IN CIRCUIT COURT

C. Cosby, of Cynthiana, recently renounced the will of the late Mrs. Jane A. v. Greer, executor, to give also moved the court to re-

D. Greer, executor, from possession of, or disposing of any personal property of Jane A. Cosby or more part of taking possession of or disposition of the estate Dr. Cosby claims a share undivided of the law.

Fowler and Lightfoot are attorneys and W. M. Reed is the defense.

After a lively argument, he motion of the plaintiff and, ruling that the executor within ten days; the motion was overruled, the prop-

or disposition of the estate being covered by the bond.

Attorney Greer, the executor, has already filed suit in the circuit court to have the will construed, and Mr. Cosby will come into court, make himself a party to the suit and claim his share of the estate. The case is attracting no little attention in legal circles and will be fought hard by both sides.

The estate consists of about \$35,000 in cash and bank stock, and considerable real estate.

COURT AT BENTON.

JUDGE HUSBANDS AND COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY BRADSHAW LEAVE FOR MARSHALL.

Judge L. D. Husbands, Commonwealth's Attorney W. F. Bradshaw and Attorney W. M. Reed left today for Benton, where circuit court began.

The business of the court was taken up today in empaneling the grand jury.

The principal cases to come up for trial are against one of the Greer's for murder and Lee Walter's for false swearing.

TO STURGIS.

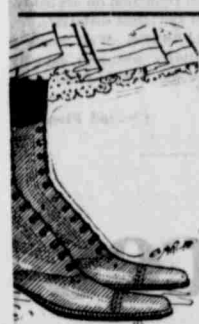
REV. I. H. TEEL LEFT AT NOON FOR HIS NEW HOME.

Rev. I. H. Teel and family left at noon today for Sturgis, Ky., to reside. Rev. Teel recently resigned here to accept the pastorate of the Christian church there. He had for the last year been pastor of the Tenth-street Christian church here and leaves many friends in Paducah.

The Sun only live a week.

OR LOW

this season. Our assortment of Elegantly are really a Splendid Value at our prices.



Our Little Folk's

Shoes and Slippers comprise all that is new and desirable in

Red, Black and Pat. Vici . . .

At Moderate Prices.

& SON, 321 Broadway.



weight EL SUITS—Everyone that has seen them likes them and says they are a cool and refreshing feeling of satisfaction to thioned right and th: fit is exact.

On Every Suit—Try a Flannel—

They are so Cool, Comfortable and Economical For MEN, YOUTHS and BOYS.



the Time And the place put on what is appropriate. That is the secret of dressing well. We Supply . . . The best made clothing in the market for all occasions. Don't suppose for a minute that we allow a customer to leave our door looking in the least item other than correct. Grand Leader, 323 Broadway.

Well, CARLSBAD Water Cooler R the Best HART HAS 'EM. ICEBERGS are all right, Hart's Refrigerators and Ice Chests represent them. Take a look, costs nothing, Hart's prices are so low. Geo. O. Hart & Son, Hardware and Stove Company. 3303 to 307 BROADWAY.

K. P. HALL, BROADWAY. Prof. Belleza respectfully announces that he will open his dancing school on Wednesday and Thursday nights this week at 8 o'clock. Thursday and Saturday afternoon for young ladies and children, this week, at 4 o'clock. Prof. Belleza comes here very highly recommended, having had twenty years' experience. Regular lessons after this week, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday nights, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons. Private lessons can be given either at the hall or residence at any hour. For further information apply at 252 North Sixth street, Mrs. Craig's. J1-1m

Insure your property or household goods with JULIUS FRIEDMAN. The Strongest Companies. Best Attention Paid to Your Interests. Respectfully, JULIUS FRIEDMAN, Office No. 321 BROADWAY. Fire, Tornado, Life Insurance.

Paducah's Only ONE PRICE Men's and Boy's OUTFITTERS....